

Choice Miscellany.

THE DOLL THAT GREW.

Two children sat in a window low,
Where graceful vines over loved to creep,
A cradle swinging, now fast now slow,
Rocking a doll to sleep.

His chubby face, and his ringlets brown,
Her laughing eyes, and her dimples fair—
A sunbeam, lost in the vines, looked down,
Glimmering her yellow hair.

I said: "Good-by, my own, good-by;
Ever I come to you, little girl and boy,
Your laugh will fate to a common sigh,
Mocking this childish joy."

Then it looked grave for a moment,
Thought—But could not take in the meaning cold.
She shook her head, till his brown crown
caught
Showers of curling gold.

"When you come back, we will be so tall,"
He said, "and proud!" "Yes, we will," said
The doll will grow, and the cradle—all,
Lowly as they can be."

And far away in the world of tide,
In dreams and fancies, that picture fair—
The girl's sweet faith and the boy's glad pride.
Followed me everywhere.

Ah! could it stay, could it always be!
But each joy falls with a broken wing!
Then night comes on, and it cannot see,
Moaning, it cannot sing.

With years of winter upon my head,
With years of summer upon my face,
I came, by haughty desire led,
Back to the self-same place.

The same sun struggled and wandered through
And glinted on the earth and gold:
The doll is grown, and the cradle, too,
Lower than of old.

The two sit still in the window low,
Their hearts so full of love so deep—
A cradle swinging, so soft and slow,
Rocking their child to sleep.

—Edward D. Oldham.

MOONLIGHT.

L-COUNTRY.
Over unbraided fields and hills,
Where birds were joyous throughout the day,
And warbled their melodious trills
In their own sweet, melodious way.
The moon, the stars, the moon,
Turn darkness to an angel noon.

A ghostly silence fills the earth.
A hush of golden strain and song;
There is no single sound of mirth
Through all the tenderful night long,
And soft winds quiver through the trees,
Sait with the odors of the seas.

IL-CITY.

Down shrouded lines of populous streets
And bazaars, built like avenues,
With all life's bitter joys its sweets,
Where all that life desires or rues,
All that love holds and all it mars,
Wakes and sleeps beneath the stars—

The moon shines down like some fair ghost,
Pitiful in its tender mien.

Pitiful to the weary host
That slumber silently unseen.

A fitful dream of some that bear
Glad hope and teaches despair.

—George Edgar Montgomery, in Harper's Weekly.

PACK HORSES OF JAPAN.

In Praise of the Cooly—Their Powers of Endurance.

It is pretty well known by this time that the cavalry of the Japanese army is by far its weakest division. This, of course, is not uncommon, in the armies of many countries, simply for the reason that economists cut off the horses in time of peace, and trust to Providence and subsidized carriers to make up the deficiency in time of war.

The problem is not quite the same in Japan. Comparatively, if not absolutely, there are no horses in Japan, just as there are no sheep. In the north one comes across a few biting buckling quadrupeds that are as much like sheep as horses; but, taking the country as a whole, there is scarcely a decent animal that will take a saddle. What horses, or rather ponies, are to be found come from China, which produce a very good breed of freight carriers though they have much to be desired in point of speed. Horse racing exists in Japan—Yokohama and Tokio have their courses—as it exists whenever two or three Englishmen are gathered together, but it is a species of racing quite unlike anything to be found elsewhere.

The ponies are imported from Hong Kong or Shanghai by a syndicate, who are drawn and after a certain interval for training, the races take place.

But to return to the army. One can conceive a campaign, and especially such a one as the Japanese have been doing, being carried on from first to last without cavalry at all, or at any rate, with the merest skeleton of a mounted force. This, of course, as far as fighting or scouting goes. There remain the all-important questions of artillery and transport.

In neither of these departments are horses absolutely necessary, provided you have an adequate supply of human labor, and it is just here that Japan scores.

Very little has been published with regard to the transport arrangements of the force that marched so steadily through Korea to the gates of China, but it is not difficult to guess what they are. Four years ago there were thirty-three thousand Jinrikishaw coolies in Tokio alone. Taking the moderate estimate that there were just double this number in the whole empire, it is safe to say that there are quite eighty thousand now, for the kurumaya class (Jinrikishaw) is a rapidly increasing one, owing to the simple fact that a man who can pull a kuruma is able to earn three times as much as he could at any other manual labor. In fact, the kuruma question is rapidly becoming a very vital one in the Japanese industrial problem, but the trade is so overcrowded that the problem will soon solve itself according to the inexorable laws of supply and demand. The existence of such a class—and it is quite a recent origin for the kuruma was only invented a quarter of a century ago—was a godsend to Japan in her late struggle.

To judge from what one heard privately at a press conference in the capital, and Osaka and Kyoto tell me the same tale. The kuruma has been "an oxen axed" by the imperial government much in the same way as the entire fleet of the Nippon Yusen Karsha has been acquired for transport purposes by sea. Having no horses, or at any rate, insufficient horses, the empire has fallen back upon the abundant supply of human horses which have grown up in recent years. And for all purposes—except as cavalry mounts—they are certainly superior to the four-footed variety. Where would you find horses to do this? on forty miles a day, and day after day, with a load of two or three hundred pounds? Yet that is a fact which Japanese kurumaya think little of. The power of endurance of these men—one likes to think of them as men and not merely animals—are marvelous. The present writer has been drawn thirty-five miles in less than even hours over a bad road and remembers the holiday spent in which a couple of Osake coolies contracted to draw

forty pounds of baggage thirty miles a day for an indefinite period. Such men, healthy, hardy, in perfect training, able to do their work upon little food, and that of the simplest, must be invaluable in a campaign such as Japan embarked upon. How many of them will survive the rigors of a Korean winter—for kurumaya are not a long-lived class—is another matter. Since Japan is able to plant her flag in Pekin, to small measure of the credit of such an achievement is certainly due to the harmless, necessary, Jinrikishaw cooly.—St. Louis Republic.

END OF A GIGANTIC SURVEY.

Twenty-Two Years Required to Measure

the United States.

The scientific measurement by the United States coast and geodetic survey of the distance from the Golden gate at San Francisco, Cal., to the mouth of the Chesapeake along the thirty-ninth parallel, has just been completed under the direction of William Embleton, who has been in charge of the work since its inception in 1873. Every scientist in the world has been waiting anxiously for the completion of this survey, as upon it depends the determination of the precise shape of the earth and the accurate laying of lines of longitude, instead of the approximate ones that are now in use. This line will be the basis of the revision of all astronomical work in which accuracy is desired. It will take a year to make the computation from the survey and such verifications as may be necessary.

The work has cost something over \$150,000. The chief object of the survey is to determine the precise figure of the earth. It has already been determined by north and south lines, but this is the only one of any extent running east and west. There are two or three of the north and south lines. Russia has the longest meridian line ever run, going from the Black sea up to the northern limits of her territory. There is one in India, run by the British government, called the second in length, while the third was run by England and France from the most northern point of Scotland down to the Balaeric islands. From these lands the shape of the earth has been determined north and south, while it has been taken in order to ascertain the exact shape, to run a similar line east and west.

The United States is the only country that has enough territory to accomplish this, which is the greatest geodetic line ever measured in the world.

BAD START.

In a Marriage That the Squire Thought Was Hoodooed.

Henry De Mott and Miss Mary Bedell, who were married by Justice of the Peace John White, in Hoboken the other night, will never forget the ceremony.

"Do you take?" the justice was about to remark, when, with a crash, a large brass lamp fell from the ceiling and the place was in darkness.

"The bride screamed: "Oh, Henry," and clutched her soon-to-be husband by the arm. Henry swore and the Justice shouted:

"Be calm, my children. I will soon have a light."

The light was secured, the big lamp refilled with oil, hung upon its hook, and the ceremony went on. Just as the justice was about to pronounce the couple man and wife the oil lamp fell again, besprinkling the clothing of the couple with oil. Finally matters were fixed up and the couple pronounced man and wife.

"Some one must have hoodooed the couple left the office.

How Dead Snakes "Come to Life."

In nearly every country in the world there is a superstition to the effect that a serpent's head must be mashed to a jelly or else its companion will seek out its dead comrade and restore it to life by means of certain grasses, leaves or herbs. This fancy appears to come to us from remote antiquity.

The myth of Polydios we find it related in a curious form. Glaucon, the son of Minos, the Cretan King, was smothered in a cask of honey. With the help of Apollo, Polydios located the body (the whereabouts of which was previously unknown), and the stern old king shut him up with the corpse, telling him that if he could discover that which was hidden was soothsayer enough to bring his son to life. While in the dungeon with the corpse a dragon approached the body. Polydios killed the reptile, but within the hour was surprised to see a second dragon creep forward and place a blade from a certain species of grass on the back of its dead companion. Polydios took a hint from the wise serpent, and with the same blade of grass resuscitated the honey-smothered youth. The same story appears in different forms in the folklore of all nations. You can find it in "The Three Snake Leaves" in Grimm's "Tales," in the Breton legend of "Sir Elidur," in the Hindoo story of "Panul Ranee," and also in the Chinese and Japanese fairy stories.—St. Louis Republic.

Very Much of a Patriot.

In Spain exemption from military service may be obtained by the payment of fifteen hundred pesetas. The other day a worthy man presented a petition to the queen regent stating that he had already paid fifteen thousand pesetas for ten of his sons, and requested that he might be excused from paying for the other fourteen, as he had no money left. His request was granted.—La Monarquia.

An Appalling Condition.

"Did ye raze about Mexico celebratin' her independence day just recently?" said Mr. Dolan.

"O! did," replied Mrs. Dolan. "Phwah av it?"

"Oh, nothin' much. Only O'm had

Ol' did live there. Think av a country so much behond hand that the Footh av July comes in September!"—Washington Star.

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and good-looking leather comes of using VACUUM LEATHER OIL. Get it at a hardware store, 25¢ a half-pint, to \$1.25 a gallon; book "How to Take Care of Leather," and swab, both free; use enough to find out; if you don't like it, take the can back and get the whole of your money.

There only cans, to make sure of fair dealing everywhere—hand cans. Best oil for farm machinery also. If you can't find it, write to VACUUM OIL COMPANY, Rochester, N.Y.

ITEMS AND INCIDENTS.

Behold the felicitous father,
His daughter's wedding when at,
Supporting the bride at the altar,
And the bridegroom the groom after that.

You Can Believe.

The testimonials published in behalf of Hood's Saraparilla. They are written by honest people, who have actually found in their own experience that Hood's Saraparilla purifies the blood, creates an appetite, strengthens the system and absolutely and permanently cures all diseases caused by impure or defiled blood.

Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels, act promptly, easily and effectively.

Frank comes into the house in a sorry plight.

"Mercy on us!" exclaims his father, "How you look! You are soaked."

"Please, papa, I fell into the canal."

"What! with your new trousers on?"

"Yes, papa, I didn't have time to take off my coat."

"Prepare for the worst, but hope for the best," says the old prover. Hope for health, but prepared for colds, coughs, croup, bronchitis, pneumonia, or any other throat or lung difficulty by having Ayer's Cherry Pectoral always at hand. It is prompt to act, sure to cure.

"You are charged here," says the judge, "with voting twice this morning."

"I know, Your Honor; but it was the best I could do. Since I got the rheumatism I can't vote more'n twice ter save my life!"

The first free school in the United States was among the Puritans and the Pilgrims, among the Dutch in New Amsterdam and the English in Virginia. There is a school in New York city now that was founded in 1633 by Adam Roelants. It is the oldest school in this country, and was free when it was founded.

Bristol, which has been united with Gloucester since 1836, is to become a separate bishopric again soon, as the money needed to re-establish the see has been all subscribed. The see was one of six established by Henry VIII. in 1542 out of the property of the dissolved monasteries.

The marquis of Devonshire allows himself the luxury of a railroad ten miles long for his private pleasure. The railroad encircles his own domain. Whenever he takes a ride as freeman and engineer, while he compels the members of his family, the ladies not excepted, to act as watchmen and watchwomen at the crossings.

—Of Robert Louis Stevenson but three paintings exist, one by Sargent, painted in 1885, now in Boston; another painted by Signor Nerli at Samoa, in 1892, said to be the best portrait, and an unfinished sketch by W. R. Richmond. In sculpture, besides St. Gaudens' bronze medallion, there are a bust made by A. Hutchinson at Honolulu, another bust made by Sydney, and a medallion made at Honolulu. There are also a few drawings.

—Dr. Max Nordau began to write at the age of fourteen, and has earned money with his pen ever since he was sixteen years old. His salary of twelve dollars a month, which he earned by work on a newspaper, was then practically the only support of his father, mother and sister. Two years later he had increased his income to about two hundred dollars a month, and was able to support his family in comfort. His father died in 1872, and since then Dr. Nordau has shared his home with his mother and sister.

—Queen Victoria considers it "highly undesirable for young ladies to have latch-keys," and expressed herself rather decided to that effect upon a late visit to Buckingham palace of the daughters of the prince of Wales. These young women, who are quite "up to date," asked for latch-keys in order that they might go back and forth between their apartments and the grounds at their pleasure, without going through the formality of ordering the doors opened by attendants, but her majesty promptly vetoed the suggestion.

—Jennie Stanton Wilcox, M. D., of Saratoga; Mary Weeks Bennett, M. D., of Chicago, and Alice Bennett, M. D., superintendent of the state hospital for insane women at Norristown, Penn., were prominent speakers at the recent medico-legal congress held in New York, and their papers on the relation of law and medicine to one another showed wonderful familiarity with both professions. Mrs. Eliza Archard Cornier, the well-known newspaper woman, Mrs. M. Louise Thomas, for long president of Sorosis, and Miss Kate L. Hogen, L. B. L., who will for the coming year be instructor in the sum of 7,000 francs was secured. The chum now numbers 8,532 members.

The Free Church of Scotland at its last assembly resolved to grant ordination in certain circumstances to men as evangelists for work in places where their settlement was not necessarily to be permanent. The action was earnestly opposed as un-Presbyterian, but was finally adopted, and it is soon to be carried into effect in the Highlands.

—The Evangelical Mission church in Belgium, in the beginning of 1893, had a deficit of 27,000 francs, which in April, 1894, had grown to 55,000 francs. Suddenly in June this year, it was announced the deficit had been reduced to 9,833 francs. Friends abroad and in Belgium itself had come to the rescue. In one meeting, composed mostly of Belgian workmen, the sum of 7,000 francs was secured. The church now numbers 8,532 members.

The Petit Manan Land and Industrial Company, engaged in developing and improving their property, offer an annual conservative investment \$50,000 of the Treasury Stock of the corporation at par, \$10.00 per share, and a dividend of 5% per annum, with absolute security in real estate is guaranteed every stock holder. In other words, the company claimed a sufficient amount in acreage of real estate to potentially secure every share of stock.

—The Popular Favorite—Mephisto (behind the scenes)—"Hai what do I see? Only four wreaths thrown on the stage, and I paid for five!"—Tit-Bits.

—Madge—"If he bored you so, why didn't you dismiss him?" Marjorie—"I saw the edges of two matine tickets sticking out of his vest pocket."

—Lester—(to a matinee audience)—"If I had a better voice, I would sing."

—The Popular Favorite—Mephisto (behind the scenes)—"Hai what do I see? Only four wreaths thrown on the stage, and I paid for five!"—Tit-Bits.

—A Slight Error.—Student (intoxicated, lying in the gutter)—"By Jupiter, if that landlady of mine hasn't put damp sheets on the bed again!"—Tag-liche Rundschau.

—DON'T RUN AFTER IT.

When Your Hat Blows Off Some Other Fellow Will Run It Down.

The man who is up-to-date knows full well what to do when a sudden gust of wind blows his straw hat from his head and takes it on a mad career down the street. He does not stop to look wild scoundrel for it, creating intense amusement by his sudden dashes through the crowd or among the vehicles in the streets, only to come back in a mud puddle or some other place just as bad. He simply stands still and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred some other person who has witnessed the incident will do the chasing and will return the hat to its owner, who, calm and unruffled, will graciously thank him and walk triumphantly away without having turned a hair.

A striking example of this fact was witnessed in a Broadway cable car the other day. Behind an old man, on whose head was a straw hat, the last of the summer vintage, was an open window. As the car passed Forty-second street the sudden gust made itself felt, and, lifting the hat from the old man's head, carried it out of the window and down the block. Before the old man had jumped to his feet and had succeeded in stopping the car it looked to the other passengers as though his chances of ever regaining the hat were very slim indeed. So they would have been had it not been for the accommodating individual who was ever ready to pursue a straw hat which is endeavoring to escape from its owner.

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THE PROCTER & GAMBLE CO., CINCINNATI.

Woman's Department.

CATCHING SUNSHINE.

Through the swaying, bending branches
Of the old elm tree,
Slanting, in the summer sunbeams
Over babe and me.

As they linger, lightly glancing,
Dancing here and there,
Baby notes their fleeting brightness,
Needs must have a share.

Little hands, at once outstretched,
She has caught them fast;
All my own, my "baby bunting."
That such joy could last.

See her now, in gleeful triumph
To mother's knee,
What has got in little fingers,
Baby dear, for me?

Little hands are held before me,
Clasped with childish might,
When they are abruptly opened,
Not a beam in sight.

Ah! my little laughing maiden,
Sunbeams are not caught,
Nor by little hands imprisoned,
Neither bribed or bought.

If the pride, the wealth of nations
Could but catch the rays,
Could but keep for hours of sadness
Gleams from golden days.

Treasure houses, ay, great strongholds,
Built for this alone,
Would adorn the world's high places,
Circling every zone.

But the beams cannot be garnered,
And we learn from this
That no after years can bring us
Sunshine that we miss.

And I clasp my darling closer,
Wiser, though not wise,
Knowing if there be one stronghold,
'Tis in baby's eyes.

ALL IS BEAUTIFUL

O God! how beautiful is earth,
In sunbeam or in shade;
Her forests with their waving arch;
Her flowers that pom the glade;

Her hillocks white with snowy flecks;
Her fields with grain that glow;
Her sparkling streams, deep and broad
That through the valleys flow;

Her created waves that clash the shore,
And lift their anthems loud;
Her mountains with their solemn brows,
That woo the yielding cloud.

Oh! God! how beautiful is life!
Thou dost lend us here:
So cheered with hopes that line the cloud,
And joy that gem the tear;

With cradle hymns of mothers young,
And tread of youthful feet,
That scarce in their elastic bound
Down the grass flowers sweet.

With brightness round the pilgrim's staff
Beholds the golden gate thrown wide,
And all his work well done.

But if this earth, which changes much,
This life, to th' that leads,
Are made so beautiful by Him,
From whom... good proceeds.

How glorious must that region be
Where all the pure and best,
From every fear and sorrow free,
Atten unbroken rest.

—Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, in N. Y. Ledger.

CHAT ON HOME DUTIES.

Now I am ensconced all so snug and cosily, I hardly dare open up the subject, that strive as I may, I cannot put out of my mind. I know it will cause a small whirlwind in the active minds of many. But coming from the midst of what my pen shall treat upon, to-day, I feel that it is a duty for me to give a sound talking to, to young housekeepers. There are young housekeepers who keep every detail of work in apple pie order, while others whose health is better than her more tidy sister, have everything hanging at loose ends.

Both are married young; one has a systematic plan of arranging and doing their work, while the other don't seem to care. When under the parent roof, you had no interest, only to do what mother told you to do. You say you are sick, or very not well, have no ambition, but set yourself to work.

Trash and nonsense! You are indolent. Some of you may be sick, but not me; many I know are really sick. I am going to lecture the truly sick, for I pity them from the bottom of my heart. I, too, know what sickness is. Those idle ones get up in the morning, flounce around in a slipshod manner, get a few estable upon the table, call Dick to breakfast; then when seated, up and down, putting on forgotten articles; the water for dish-washing was not put on the sink; the dishes have to stand. You sit down, pick up some reading matter, everything dwindles to nothingness, as is in a neighbor's house near mine. She is called a Christian, but the bible says that cleanliness is next to Godliness, and I think they are near relatives.

No, I do not wonder that you don't feel well (neither should I), to let my dishes stand unwashed from one meal to the next nearly the year round. Dear friends, wash your dishes, do not let them stand to be washed while getting your next meal; it is a sin in God's sight to do so. Just as much so as any other wilful sin; deducting much from your own enjoyment as it cannot be otherwise. You are never ready for friends or callers, never at ease if they do come.

"Search thine heart." You'll surely find condemnation, disgust and contempt there enough for your own special need.

And I assure you many go to see and report what a condition Mrs. ——house is always in. Many times in my life have I seen sudden sickness in the sight, and not a clean dish to be found in such houses. You cannot call them homes, they are so devoid of nearly all the happiness that goes to make a truly, true home. Such things are unavoidable in many homes at times, but to let such habits of shiftlessness and sloth become every day guests is an abomination to all the teachings and precepts quoted in the bible; an abomination to us poor, sinful, human, groveling mortals. Ah! I hear your question, "No, I am not a model." But when I arise from the table I gather and wash

my dishes as soon as possible; often being obliged to rest between work or piece of work done, throughout the day.

Now don't raise a great blizzard about my ears, will you, until you get that batch of dirty dishes washed and tidied up? And, oh, I nearly forgot. That stove, if it is besmeared and dirty, would be just awful! Why, there's that child has your glass pitcher, a curling tong, and silver forks and spoons. I see now why you cannot find anything you want. But never mind, if husband's hard earned money did buy them; when they are lost or broken, he can get some more, so no matter. Do pick up those soiled clothes, put them in the wash, hang up those coats and hats.

Have a place for everything, and as far as possible have everything found there. You will have to fight old slothful nature, but you will conquer, I know.

Have you not observed how cheerful and neat Dick is in these blessed days of reformation, in his once unkempt, untidy home? How much less weary you feel than you used to in your days of sloth and carelessness. It is a pleasure to your friends to come about you, to enjoy your society as they never could before.

Now I have scolded my scold, and I pray God to use it as it seemeth best. I have only done it in friendship, so wishing you God's choice blessing, I close in love, as sister with sister. MEG.

TRUE EXERCISE FOR WOMEN.

It should be constantly borne in mind that we have a three-fold nature—the physical, mental and moral, the relations existing between them being so intimate that the good of the whole must depend on the condition of each of these natures. The mind, for example, cannot be in its normal condition unless it has a firm physical nature on which to rest as its natural basis.

A glance at the world as it now is will convince us that there is as much hard labor performed by the females—including the darker portions of the earth—as by the males; the Indian squaw, for example, being the special toiler, while some of the colored girls in our own country go on to the plantation, laboring side by side with their brothers, to obtain the means with which to educate themselves. It is evident, therefore, remembering the fact that our New England women once toiled in the hay-field—as they now do in the West—that the natural physical powers of males and females do not differ as widely as is usually supposed, though it is by no means necessary or desirable that women should toil like men, doing what seems more appropriate to men. Still, it may be true that the average New England woman has not sufficient physical development to elevate her to her normal condition, though she may have sufficient strength. This life, which changes much, this life, to th' that leads, are made so beautiful by Him, From whom... good proceeds.

How glorious must that region be
Where all the pure and best,
From every fear and sorrow free,
Atten unbroken rest.

—Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, in N. Y. Ledger.

EXTRAVAGANCE OUR DANGEROUS FAULT.

Edward W. Bok Asserts That We Have Far Passed the Bounds of Generosity.

In editorially discussing American generosity, Edward W. Bok, in November's *Ladies' Home Journal*, declares that the American is never so unnatural as when he is saving money, and never is he quite so much himself as when he is spending it. Hence, he has been the most unnatural mortal on earth for the past two or three years. But now, with the lifting of the gloom, and the sun of prosperity shining directly in his face, he is taking courage and heart. Once more he is going to spend. Thanksgiving means more to him this year, and thousands of thank-offerings will have a ring of earnestness in them this month that they have not had for several years. Our hearts are most thankful when our pockets are fullest and our bodies best fed and clothed. Generosity is a synonym with the word American. The American dearly loves to spend, and be it said to his credit, he spends with equal pleasure upon those he loves as upon himself, and sometimes even with more. It is the American trait not only to be generous, but to wish to see others happy amid personal happiness. The American is willing to work hard, but he must spend. All this is good; generosity broadens men, just as penuriousness contracts men. If we stopped at generosity all would be well. But Heaven knows we do not. Years ago we passed the line of generosity, and if there were another line beyond extravagance we would have passed that long since. But there is where we halt at present; at extravagance. We are known to-day as an extravagant nation, and our most dangerous weakness as a people lies in extravagance. No lesson seems severe enough for us to remember: within a year the most of us will have forgotten what we passed through in the two or three years which now lie behind us. We have rallied from the shock, and this is commendable; but to forget its lessons would be a misfortune. Let us be known as a generous people, but not as a generation of spendthrifts.

DRESSES IN 1849.

Dresses were handsome and very social, the talk delightful, but the balls were sparsely furnished with light and chairs. The illumination was of wax or stearine candles, which used to send down showers of spermaceti on our shoulders. Dress was very much plainer.

I remember my father calling me to him one evening, as I was dressed for a ball, and saying, "Well, my daughter, you look very nice. How much have you cost me?" I said, "Five dollars." I had on aタルタラ dress of white, which I had made myself, and a camellia in my hair, which somebody gave me. One hundred dollars a year was considered a handsome allowance for a young girl to dress on. I am afraid I have never looked so well since; certainly my countenance have never cost so little. An old lady once showed me a brocade dress which she said she had worn since General Jackson's time.

Women did not throw away or alter dresses then as now. They bought good stuffs and wore their dresses carefully. Very pretty bright chintzes, and what we call mousseline-de-laine, are our spring outifts, and always white dresses of cambric and muslin. The jewels worn by Madame Bodisco and Lady Lytton Bulwer were great curiosities to us simple people.—*Lippincott's*.

WHALES' LEAPS.

Gigantic Jumps Taken by the Monsters of the Deep.

"Speaking of jumping," said an old seaman who had been watching some boys playing leapfrog on the sands, "let me tell you of the greatest jump ever seen. It was many years ago, when I was little more than a lad, but was a cossack on a whaleboat belonging to the ship Henry Staples. I had had bad luck for several weeks, when one day I saw a big whale, and two boats set off in a race to see who would get there first. Had the whale taken his leap one minute sooner he would have fallen plump on the boat."

Comparatively few people have seen a large whale, but we can imagine what an animal seventy feet long and weighing as many tons would be flying through the air.

Within a week of the writing of the present article I was drifting along the shores of Santa Catalina Island, California, when a sixty-foot whale almost cleared the water about a thousand yards from the boat. I was about to ask the boatman what rock it was, when the great head descended and the tail rose into the air as the monster dived.

Mr. Scorsby, the famous whaler, chronicles a number of incidents of jumping among whales, some leaving the water completely and rising twenty or more feet into the air.

Many of the inhabitants of the sea are good jumpers, and some have become famous. Among them should be mentioned the tarpion or silver king, a huge fish with scales that gleam like silver, which constitutes the famous game fish of Florida. The leaps of this beautiful creature are often astonishing. Several years ago a steamer was rushing down the St. John's river. The captain was sitting on the fore deck leaning against the pilot house, when suddenly there rose in the air a beautiful shining fish four feet in length. It came like an arrow and landed in the lap of the captain as over twenty feet in the air hovering over us.

The mate was the first to regain his senses, and gave the command "Stand all." Just as we were ready to spring overboard the boat shot back several feet, and the next second the gigantic animal dived into the ocean, just grazing us, having completely passed over the boat in the biggest leap I ever heard of."

Such gigantic leaps are rare. A similar one was recorded by Dr. Hall, who at the time was a midshipman on the ship Leander. They were lying in the harbor of Bermuda, when all hands were attracted by the appearance of a very large whale that suddenly appeared in the harbor and seemed very much alarmed by the shallow water, floundering about violently. The young midshipman joined a boat's crew that started in pursuit, and just as they were about to strike the whale disappeared, sinking out of sight, leaving a deep whirlpool, around which the boat shot. After it stopped up, came the whale, having in all probability struck the bottom and went into the air like a rocket. "So complete was the enormous leap," says Dr. Hall, "that for an instant we saw him fairly up in the air, in a horizontal position, at a distance of at least twenty perpendicular feet over our heads. While in his progress upward there was in his spring some touch of the vivacity with which a trout or salmon shoots out of the water, but he fell back

again in the sea like a huge log thrown on its broadside, and with such a thundering crash as made all hands stare with astonishment, and the bold held his breath for a time. Had the whale taken his leap one minute sooner he would have fallen plump on the boat."

Enter Polly—"How do you do? I was so lonesome at home I couldn't stay, so I just took my knitting and come over to chat with you."

Molly—"Well, I am real glad you did. Sit right down and get warm."

Polly ("rising")—"How do you do, Polly? Sit down."

Molly—"Yes, I told Dolly it was the cold, cold day we had this winter. It takes all the money I earn knitting to buy wood."

Polly—"Well, I declare, we have an old man cold day. Well, I am real glad you did. Sit right down and get warm."

Molly—"Yes, I told Dolly it was the cold, cold day we had this winter. It takes all the money I earn knitting to buy wood."

Polly—"Well, I'll change the subject.

What do you think of the minister's wife's new jacket? What horrid sleeves."

Molly—"Yes, but they are the style, I suppose."

Mrs. Jones has a new奔奔!

She had one hat last summer."

Molly—"Well, I mean go, can't you both go home with me?"

Molly—"Yes, I will go along with you, and stop at the post office as I come back, but Dolly better stay and keep the fire."

Polly—"Yes, I will. Be sure and come again as soon as you can; good-bye, Polly."

Polly—"Good-bye." (Exit Polly and Molly.)

—Young Folks' Column.

THREE OLD MAIDS.

(Characters—Molly, Polly, Dolly.)
(Molly and Dolly sitting by fire knitting.)

Enter Polly—"How do you do? I was so lonesome at home I couldn't stay, so I just took my knitting and come over to chat with you."

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Polly—"Good-bye." (Exit Polly and Molly.)

—Young Folks' Column.

A TERRIBLE SNAKE.

Relative to the snake question, I have nothing to offer in the way of information; but I can tell you of the experience of my father with a ferocious blacksnake. It happened this way: One of the members of our family is very deaf and has in his possession an old trumpet or speaking trumpet, something that goes by the name of a crotal, and the resemblance between this instrument and a good-sized lively black snake is wonderful. It puzzles me to know whether the man who invented this thing tried to imitate a snake or just simply to invent a trumpet; anyway the imitation is worthy of a place in a museum. So, along about dark one Sunday evening I took the trumpet out of the lawn and fixed it up so it looked as if it was as if it was trying to crawl over the walk. Then I told the rest of the

THE MAYOR'S ADVICE.

Mayor Wing of Montpelier, Vt., Heartily Endorses Dr. Greene's Nervura.

Mayor Wing Used Dr. Greene's Nervura in His Family with Marked and Decided Benefit. Makes all Strong and Well.



Maine Farmer.

ESTABLISHED IN 1833.

Published every Thursday, by
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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1895.

TERMS.

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WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

ITEMS OF ADVERTISING.

For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and twenty-two cents for each sub-
sequent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. AYER, our agent, is now calling
upon collectors in Scotland county.Mr. J. W. KELLOGG is now calling upon our
subscribers in Aroostook county.The leather trust has begun putting
the price of leather right up to the top
notch—for revenue only.After interruptions by fire and sick-
ness, Mr. L. P. Evans has assumed editorial
control of the *Piscataquis Observer*.We are indebted to Senator Hale for
Government Agricultural Reports. Our
subscribers will please step in and help
themselves.In this year of great crops, Texas
wanted to provide something peculiarly
its own for the Thanksgiving feast, and
so comes forward with 10,000,000 pounds
of pecans.Mark Twain is having a triumphal
progress through Australia. This is as
it should be, and in honoring the great
American humorist these people honor
themselves.The New York board of health an-
nounces that the use of antitoxin has
cut down the mortality from diphtheria
and croup in that city 43 per cent. The
opinion of the new remedy in New York
medical circles seems to be highly favor-
able.A mania of suicide seems to have pro-
voked the last month in the New Eng-
land states, the assignable causes being,
prominently, the want of business, dis-
couragement, and poor health. Of the
twenty-one deaths on the October as-
sessment card of the A. O. U. W., three
are suicides.We supposed that when the Western
creamery men began a suit against Secre-
tary McKeen, claiming damages for his
effective crusade against them, it would
end in bluster. And it has. As soon as
they found that Mr. McKeen was pre-
pared to fight them, the creamery sharks
dropped the cases.It is a pity that such a deserving in-
stitution as the Maine General Hospital
in Portland should lack the funds to pay
its needed running expenses. Isn't there
some rich man who has a college or lib-
rary in his mind, who could better be-
stow a portion of his wealth on this Hos-
pital that has done so much for suffering
and infirm humanity?One hundred miles in nine and one-
half hours was the record made by a
horseless carriage in Chicago the other
day. The contest was between a Ger-
man and a Springfield machine, propelled
by gasoline, in which the former was
the successful contestant. Large estab-
lishments are being erected for the
manufacture of these horseless carriages.Mr. A. L. Goss of Auburn, of the well
known firm, the A. L. & E. F. Goss Com-
pany—among the best advertisers in the
Farmer—has just completed his new
house in Auburn, which with its equip-
ments and furnishings cost \$10,000. Good
judges pronounce it one of the best
arranged houses in Lewiston and
Auburn. It is lighted by electricity and
has two systems of heating in perfect
working order.The printing of sermons in the Sunday
papers is a good thing. Now, if the pub-
lishers of Sunday newspapers will have
less bulk, less of the folly of fashionable
life, prize fights and sporting life, an op-
portunity may be given to secure a larger
number of readers of some of the best
accompanying thoughts of the ablest
minds, to get at the wheat without so
much chaff. It is no use for the clergy
or any one else to fight the Sunday
paper. The best we can hope to do is
to keep its columns clean and healthful.Mr. E. G. Ravenstein, the eminent
English geographer and statistician, has
made some reconnoiters calculations to find
when the earth will be unable to find
nourishment for its population, and they
will be forced to cannibalism or starva-
tion. According to him, when the num-
ber exceeds 5,904,000,000, or in round
numbers 6,000,000,000, this emergency
will arise, and Mr. Ravenstein believes
the population of the globe will reach
this figure in 284 years more. So we
needn't worry about it this year.Although Miss Vanderbilt gets a five-
million dowry instead of twice the
amount, as lately reported, she is very
certain, if her marriage to the Duke of
Marlborough is a success, to receive
other very large amounts from her father,
whose fortune is known to be more than
\$50,000,000. It is a safe enough estimate
that this marriage, together with those
of Miss Whitney to Mr. Paget and of
the daughter of H. H. Rogers to Mr. U. H.
Broughton, will transfer the ownership of
at least fifty millions of property from
this country to England.Bangor Methodists have found a very
practical way to abolish the time limit,
Rev. H. E. Foss, whose five year pasto-
rate at Grace church must close in May
next in accordance with the rules of the
Methodist church, has been invited to
become pastor of the First Methodist
church in Bangor, at the beginning of the
next conference year, and Grace church
has invited Rev. J. M. Frost of First
church, to become Mr. Foss' successor at
Grace church, thus keeping both pastors
in Bangor for another term. This re-
minds us of the old reading book story,
where the two blacksmiths swapped
shops—"Tom Jones moves to my shop
and I move to his."Colby University has made the an-
nouncements for the season of its Uni-
versity Extension. Instruction is carried
on lectures, class work, etc. Towns
that desire these lectures will correspond
with the faculty.

WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

On Tuesday of last week, at the State election in Massachusetts the men and women of that Commonwealth had an opportunity to express their opinion upon the expediency of extending the suffrage so far as to allow women to vote in municipal elections. The resolution making this referendum was passed by the last legislature, and it was really the first application there of this principle of reference to the people where a vital question was concerned.

Now mark the result. Take the city of Boston, where there are 100,000 women of voting age. Seven-eighths of them by failing to register, signified that they are not asking to be made voters. The inexpediency of woman suffrage was declared by the thousands and tens of thousands of women who neither registered or went to the polls. Who would be so unkind or cruel as to thrust the ballot upon woman when she does not desire it? Who but a few cranks or extremists wish to load women down with burdens and responsibilities which she does not at present care to assume? Women have trials and troubles enough already, without being compelled to bear others which by her own intelligent act she declares she does not wish to bear. The many man and the womanly woman (not the new woman in an offensive sense) will coincide with the action of the women of Massachusetts, just expressed.

Let us briefly analyze the vote in Massachusetts. There was an adverse majority of between 35,000 and 40,000 in the State, and it would seem that, to speak roundly, one-half of this majority was rolled up in Boston. The vote of Boston, complete, with the exception of a single precinct, stands: Yes, 22,021; no, 41,912; a majority of 19,891 in the negative. In the six strong republican wards over 43 per cent of the total vote on the referendum was for suffrage, and in the other wards the suffragist proportion dropped to 30 per cent. But, whether republican or democratic, every ward declared itself against the proposal, and the city, as a whole, went nearly two to one against it. We have felt confident that Massachusetts would raise her voice against a change which involved consequences at once so important and so difficult to measure in advance. Should a similar question be submitted to the voters of other States, a like result would follow. The great mass of women do not desire the ballot.

WAYSIDES NOTES.

Wise and Otherwise.
(He who keeps his ears and eyes open, sees and hears much to approve as well as condemn.)

All over the State the members of the Grange seem to be waking to the value of the literary contests which have been so productive of mental activity in years past. If their city and town sisters could but listen they would drop the idea of intellectual sluggishness in the country.

Rhode Island is about to attempt the experiment of assisting in the building of roads, as the legislature has authorized the State to construct, in any town willing to assume one quarter of the cost, one half mile of good road. Thus far only a few towns have responded. Better highways must be forthcoming everywhere, and that, too, in the near future. When all was ready for the ceremony the church was closed and was allowed to enter, whether or not they were provided with a card.

Mrs. Vanderbilt was escorted up the centre aisle to the front pew on the north side, which she occupied with her other children. The bridal procession formed in the southern vestibule. Mr. Warren then began the wedding march from Lohengrin.

The Duke of Marlborough, with his best man, his cousin, the Hon. Ivor Guest, entered the church from the vestry room, and took their posts at the right of the chancel and awaited the coming of the bride. The Duke wore a frock suit of dark gray cloth, white ascot tie, patent leather shoes and white gloves. The ushers marched up the side aisles and took their stations in front of and at either side of the chancel. The bridesmaids led the bridal procession, walking two and two. Then came Miss Vanderbilt on the arm of her father, and carrying in her left hand the bridal bouquet.

Election Aftermath.

The result of the November elections was as we stated last week, only the republican majorities are larger than we gave.

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Items of Maine News

Herring are reported very plentiful in Lubec Narrows of late.

There was sufficient snow on the ground Nov. 1st for the Parkman stage to run to Guilford on runners.

Mitchell Hussey of Orono killed a large moose on Great Works' stream which weighed over 1,100 pounds.

Fred N. Berry has been commissioned postmaster at South Bridgton, vice T. B. Knapp.

It is intended to have the foundation of the new insane hospital in at Bangor, before winter weather comes on.

The schools at Saco, on the east side, have been closed on account of scarlet fever.

A patent has been granted to Henry P. Churchill of Deringer on a toothpick machine.

Frank Calder of Campobello took from his wife near Friar's Head the other day, a number of mackerel, some of which weighed three pounds.

At a special meeting of the Directors of the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad held in Bangor, Monday, Hiriam P. Oliver of Bangor was elected a Director in place of John F. Colby, deceased.

The late Dr. W. A. Albee of Rockland carried a life insurance of about \$30,000. His widow will also receive a considerable sum from the numerous fraternities with which he was connected.

Albert N. Snow, for years cashier in the Maine Central freight office in Bangor, died Monday night after an illness of six weeks. The cause of his death was Bright's disease of the kidneys.

One of the wealthiest and most prominent citizens of Plaisted's county, Hon. Jason Hassell, died suddenly at his home in Sebec last Friday of heart failure, aged 72 years.

The proprietors of the Biddeford Record were on Monday night sued in \$5000 for the publication of a communication from ex-City Solicitor Charles T. Read, in which he declared that Dr. Francis G. Warren was a liar.

Work is reported as plenty in Piscataquis county and good men are hard to find. A representative of the Willimantic Linen Co. tried hard to hire twenty men in Monson to work in the birch woods and succeeded in getting but five.

Thieves entered the residence of J. H. Bell at Kennebunkport, Saturday night, while the family were asleep, and stole from Mr. Bell's clothing, a pocketbook containing \$50. The burglars entered by a rear window.

Rev. Frederick E. Dupont, pastor of St. Paul's Episcopal church, in Biddeford, is arranging for the erection of a \$25,000 building to be used as an orphanage. When completed he will donate it to St. Joseph's society as a memorial building.

The body of Michael Collins of Old Town, the guide who was drowned two or three weeks ago while endeavoring to reach the foot of the lake from Kineo in a canoe, accompanied by Kenneth M. Taylor, a Boston sportsman, was found by a searching party Wednesday afternoon.

Charles Hodsdon left the house of Samuel Toothaker, East Harpswell, just before last week's storm to go to Marlow Island. He had dreamed that Kid's gold was buried there. Since that time he hasn't been heard from and it is feared he was capsized in the storm or blown out to sea.

Turner McMeney of Woolwich died Friday morning after a sickness of several weeks. His age was about 92, and he was the oldest person in town. He was a farmer and was highly respected for his intelligence and integrity of character, and had been entrusted by the town with offices of the highest responsibility.

Just after midnight, Thursday, while Watchman Pusnard was at the station, burglars took Blacksmith Moran's tools and broke into the postmaster's office. They got in through a window, shattered two doors, and with a sledge broke, bruised and tried to drill the safe. It is believed to be the same gang who have recently operated at Kennebunk.

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Mr. J. M. Nevens of Montague, father of the little boy who was killed by the shot from the gun of Fred Doe, on Monday the 4th, was in Old Town with the remains of the little boy on Wednesday, and before leaving for home he called upon W. H. Powell, Esq., and a warrant issued for the arrest of the Doe boy, who did the shooting.

A. H. Chase of Milo came near being taken for game while acting as guide for Massachusetts parties a short time ago. While endeavoring to get away from them, he leaped into a barn to which the bushes of a hagorn he looked across a brook, only a few rods, where stood a tree, and was missing except catoeles. The school house at Norway Lake is made the headquarters of the gang, and they were routed out at an early hour Tuesday morning, but none were captured. The post office at South Paris was entered, and a hole drilled in the door, which was badly burned, but not blown open. It is believed to be the same gang who have recently operated at Kennebunk.

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Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

A LONE BUT BEAUTIFUL GRAVE.

BY BERTHA F. HILLMAN.
When my soul is storm-tossed and weary,
With the troubles which come to this life,
I sometimes steal away where 'tis quiet,
Away from all discord and strife.

Then there comes before my mental vision
A lone but beautiful grave,
Which lies out there in the distance
In a quiet forest glade.

One side rolls mother ocean
In her angry modes sublimes,
On the other stand lofty mountains,
Which have been seared and seamed by
time.

In this glade through the months of summer,
The daisies do sweetly bloom;

And the maiden-hair ferns nod in silence,

While they exhale their rare perfume.

Here the birds sing in the tree tops
Their farewell songs to the day,

And the sun, as it sinks in the azure,

Sends athwart its last mellow ray.

In this grave sleeps a gentle maiden,
Whose soul was as pure as a dove's,

Who toiled in the Master's vineyard

With a faith which came from above.

When the Father saw she was weary,
He must have said, "She has done her best,

She shall reign with me in glory,

I will give her eternal rest."

Thoughts like these lull the tumults
Which rise in my rebellious soul;

I return to my toils more peaceful

And patiently work towards the goal.

Troy.

For the Maine Farmer.**CONSOLATION.**

BY ISA C. DREW.

These dear ones who have left us are not
dead,

The' year by year love brings its flower or
wreath

To lay upon their graves, and tears are shed;

Thus life immortal is by us called death.

How blest to know our dear ones there are
free!

From every ill! and that their love may
reach us,

From heaven to earth, a messenger to be

'Twin them and us, and sweet submission
teach.

Their voices we so love thro' weary years
Will come to us, some message sweet to
bring.

A recompence for loneliness and tears.

To take away from death its bitterest sting.

Their perfect joys, their hearts are still our
own:

With them thro' faith, their heavenly home
we share;

While memory lingers we are not alone.

As patiently we wait to join them there.

Then weep not if you have a friend in
Heaven:

That heart will never there grow cold or
change.

Communion sweet, shall then to you be
given;

A love that finds thro' death its highest
range.

Then still thy grief; our loved ones are not
lost;

These jewels set in God's own diadem,

Shall light our backs thro' life, tho' tempest
comes;

And bring us soon to safety and to them.

South Berwick Junction.

Our Story Teller.**MODINGTON'S MONEY.**

BY WILL LISBEE.

It was a nasty business that I got into at Rio for nearly a week, and it was all the fault of Ruggy, or, I might say, it was the fault of the bad rum he had been drinking; for Ruggy would drink, and it did seem that he always picked on the weakest of the crew to put his lips to.

Our ship, the Flying Fish, had been lying in port at Rio for nearly a week, and as Capt. Hope was very easy with his men we came and went pretty much as we pleased. There was not a day that Ruggy did not go ashore, and, though he managed to keep pretty straight when under the eyes of the captain, I knew well enough that he was drinking more rum than was good for him.

But drinking was not the only fault Ruggy had, for, once let him get filled up on rum, and he would be soiled with an almost insane passion for gambling. At such times he seemed totally devoid of all reason and would willingly stake his last copper on any game, no matter how great the odds might be against him. I have seen him bet his clothes, his last plug of tobacco, and even his allowance of grog—which was saying a great deal in Ruggy's case—upon the most trivial incidents of the voyage, such as the way the wind would blow the next day, whether there would be clouds or sunshine, and he would sometimes go as far as to bet on the direction which the next gull seen would be flying, such was his passion for gambling. But let me come to my story:

Among the few who were to take passage with us for New York was an old man by the name of Richard Modington. He had amassed quite a snug fortune in some speculating schemes in Rio, it was said, and was now returning to his native land to enjoy the fruits of his labor. His luggage had been sent to the Flying Fish, and, as he was an old friend of Capt. Hope, he came aboard himself, though we were not to sail for several days. He spent most of his time in his cabin, for it was whispered that he brought a large amount of money with him and wanted to be near it.

I had been knocking about the city in the afternoon, and about sunset, as I was returning to the ship, I met Ruggy. He carried a small hand satchel and seemed greatly excited. I could see that he had been drinking, and I would have left him, but he held on to me, saying that he wished to talk to me on important business. Reluctantly I followed him into a brightly-lighted public house, and, passing to the rear end of the room, we entered a stall and took seats at a table. My companion ordered some refreshments and wine, insisting that he would not disclose his business with me till we had eaten and drunk.

I was but a youth then, and though I had been three years a sailor I had never tasted strong drink. Urged on by Ruggy, I drank a glass of the wine. The taste was pleasant and the effect very strange to me, and it took little persuasion to induce me to take the next glass. I kept this up till my brain was in a whirl and my senses numbed. Then it was that Ruggy began to unfold his object in detaining me.

He first opened the satchel and drew therefrom a large roll of United States money and a bag filled with Spanish doubloons. He held them before my gaze and began to talk wildly, incoher-

ently, of some vast fortune he was soon to gain through their agency. My senses were too much numbed by the wine to feel any great surprise at seeing so much wealth in his possession, yet I sat stupidly waiting for him to explain.

"It's old Modington's money," he said, at length, in a hoarse whisper. "But I didn't steal it. Oh, no, Ruggy has never been guilty of that—not if he knows it! I've only borrowed it, Jack, my boy, so you need not look so frightened."

"But—but what do you mean to do with it?" I asked. "And how did old Modington happen to loan you so much money?"

He closed one eye, stared at me with the other and nodded knowingly, a cunning look coming over his countenance.

"I ain't no fool, Jack," he said, laying his hand on my shoulder. "Don't think I was fool enough to ask him for he is not the man to see into a plan like mine—not him. But it will be all the same in the end. He'll get his money back, every copper, and he will be none the wiser, though we will be richer by thousands—yes, thousands! Why, then, should we not take fortune at its tide? I'm not the man to sit down like a sluggard and watch the golden tide run by without making some effort—not it!"

As he ceased speaking he arose and half dragged me through an arched doorway into a large room filled with a mixed crowd of people, who pressed eagerly about a number of gaming tables.

Pressing me into a corner, he said, in hurried whispers:

"Now, look here, Jack, I am not the cove to go back on a mate—not I; so just out do as I tell you, and we'll go out of this room rich as Jaws."

Well, he then went on to tell, in a rather incoherent and excited manner, how he could, in a short time, by the use of the money he had in his possession, win enough at the roulette table to make us independently rich for life. He had a sort of system of playing the game, he went on to say—a system of doubling the bet whenever he lost—that could not help win in the end.

"Listen, now: I was pretty wild myself in my younger days, and more than once I came near being ruined by the drinking and gambling habit, so I know something of how you feel. I suspect that you had taken my money, and I followed you to the gambling hall. You saw me and came away, leaving the two hundred dollars on the table where you dropped it when you saw me. Well, I saw that it was the last you had, so I thought it little use to follow you. But in your excitement, you did not drop the gold on the red, where you had been playing, but on one of the high numbers. Well, the wheel was turned and the number won. I claimed the bet, as you were gone, and as they knew me well, they paid it without a murmur. The bet had been on the spot where it had to be paid thirty-two to one, and so out of the small stake of a couple of hundreds, they were compelled to pay me six thousand and four hundred dollars. That gives me back all you took and leaves a balance in your favor of six hundred dollars, which you may have at the end of the voyage. No one, except ourselves, need ever know of this affair. I think you both have suffered enough; but let this be a warning to you, and remember, gambling and drinking are the first steps to crime."

We tried to express our gratitude, but he said, with a wave of his hand:

"Never mind; I have no cause for complaint, and you have done no more for me than either of you would have done for me under like circumstances."

Well, the whole affair was kept a secret, as Modington had promised. But Ruggy was completely broken of gambling; and as for drinking, neither of us had touched a drop since, nor could we be induced to touch a cent of the money which Modington wanted to turn over to us at the end of the voyage.

I shall never forget my first and last drink, and to this day the very smell of wine makes me sick and brings vividly to my mind the most miserable hours of my life.—N. Y. Ledger.

THE TWO CAPTAINS.

BY TOM HALL.

To the king."

The toast, though slightly different, were uttered simultaneously and a small glass of rare old port was emptied in honor of each. The scene was the broad veranda of a South Carolina plantation, not fifteen miles from the famous city of Charleston; the time was the early autumn of 1781; while the characters were a young captain of his majesty's artillery, a portion of which was guarding the city of Charleston, and a young woman in perhaps her twenty-second year. A famous beauty was this Miss Phoebe Poindexter, and a most captivating picture she made, in the eyes of the captain of artillery, as she sat thrumming the keys of her harpsichord, after replacing the empty wine glass on the table near her. The latter was a handsome young man, apparently thirty years of age, with a perfect air of good breeding and evidently of some graces, for he had just finished a solo on the flute to the accompaniment of the young lady.

"Then it is a detachment of Marlon's outlaws indeed! Ha! will I not be an agreeable prize for Capt. Pickens."

An interesting meeting between two rivals it will be, indeed! I must be saved, and the wife any man could be proud of."

—N. Y. Truth.

HOW LOBSTERS ARE HATCHED.

In Water Whose Temperature Must Be Fifty-Five Degrees.

"During the past week we have hatched 75,000 lobsters, 45,000,000 codfish and 6,000,000 catfish, or flounders," stated Superintendent John Maxwell, of the United States fish hatchery station at Woods-Hole. "The lobster eggs are put into glass jars, each of which holds 75 ounces; they are placed upon a table very similar to the one used to hold the cod-hatching boxes. The captain jumps hurriedly from his seat and leaves a balance in your favor of six hundred dollars, which you may have at the end of the voyage. No one, except ourselves, need ever know of this affair. I think you both have suffered enough; but let this be a warning to you, and remember, gambling and drinking are the first steps to crime."

"And, pray, what can I do?" asked the girl drawing herself up to full height and looking at the English officer with scornful and indignant eyes.

"You can tell them that there is no one concealed in your house. He will never dare to doubt your word."

"You would have me tell a lie to save you—the woman you pretended to love and wish to make your wife?"

"It is a case of necessity—quick, they are approaching on both sides. They have been informed. It is a trick!"

"Where will you hide?" asked the girl, with an anxious emphasis on the word "hide."

"You will tell them that no one is concealed in the house?"

"I shall tell them nothing but the absolute truth—be quick."

"There is but one place where I will be safe," answered the captain, "and that only if he be a gentleman."

Saying which, the captain darted up the stairs and entered Miss Poindexter's own chamber.

"You will tell them that no one is concealed in the house?"

"I shall tell them nothing but the absolute truth—be quick."

"There is but one place where I will be safe," said the captain, "and that only if he be a gentleman."

Saying which, the captain darted up the stairs and entered Miss Poindexter's own chamber.

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"I shall tell them nothing but the absolute truth—

Horse Department.

Never in the history of the turf has the story of killing been equal to that of the present day. From every portion of the country comes the same wail of woe over fast horses ruined on the track in the vain effort to get there. Where are the officers of the society with the long name, for surely there must be cruelty else there would not be this story of crippled race horses.

One thing to remember is that the general utility horse has had his day, and his production goes over to the debit side of the ledger. Far too many men have bred with the thought that if they did not get a road horse or a trotter, they would at least get a general purpose animal, forgetting that the value of such will never pay the cost of production. Horses, like dairy cows, must stand for something definite in order to have value above cost of keep.

"There is many an undeveloped trotter right here in New England that can be bought for a song, that will some day beat the high-priced ones which will be brought here, that were bred in California, the West, and Kentucky," says the Breeder, yet it is a fact that the Maine buyer will look over the heads of these good ones, for something not so valuable "way off." Distance lends enchantment in the horse business as elsewhere.

The late sale of high stepping roadsters from C. J. Hamlin's farm, trotting breed every one, but built, bred and educated for road service, must have been satisfactory as the average for eighteen head was \$435. In every case reported where a man has attempted to meet the call of buyers, he has been successful. This should be sufficient evidence for any man who desires to breed, and should be taken as an indicator of what will pay.

Colts may live in the fields upon the roadsides, but dollars saved in this way are a loadstone to the owner. When the day of marketing comes, the story of stunted growth will not be a pleasant one to hear. Of course the whole reason for lack of size is that the wrong sire was used. If some other had been patronized the colt would have been larger, even if grown on browse. Thus do we continue the fruitless task of trying to gather figs from thistles.

He takes time to notice, will be surprised to see how few of the horses on the streets are what would-day be termed a stylish roadster. They get over the road rapidly, but lack that fold of the knees and flex of the hocks, shape and carriage of the heads, and size sufficient to attract public attention. These are the lacks to be remedied in the breeding of next year, if for no other reason than that these are the points which are being sought after more than all others.

There's at least one good result following the so called Hackney craze. It has demonstrated, by object lessons, the superior worth of certain forms, and they have come to be the controlling force with the shrewdest buyers. Men are demanding more of substance, more of rotundity of form, more of strength of limbs as a result of the Hackney agitation. Shorter backs and stronger bodies will be forthcoming, as well as more trappy action all round. In seeking for speed there had been a tendency to neglect that conformation best suited to the road, and the Hackney breeders have now intensified the importance of a return to former principles.

It begins to look as though the "original source" racket was being worked a little too hard. Exchanges have been full of "original" items, all the way from a record won to the notice of the purveyor of a new harness. When an "official" list of performers is announced containing less than the regular list as published for weeks, it looks as though somebody bankered for a little cheap notoriety. The 2.30 list for the year is not yet completed, so far as Maine horses are concerned. In our last issue we gave the names of forty-four trotters and twenty pacers, and now add Royce by Warren, dam Aimee by Del Sur, 2.29%; Belle P. (p) by Merry Monarch, a son of Nelson, 2.24%; George M. (p) by Judge Advocate, 2.29%; Lucky Strike (p) by Ervin M., 2.27%, a total, so far, of forty-four trotters and twenty-three pacers.

The best market for horses to-day is across the water, but the conditions are exacting. The efforts of some enterprising men who first carried over a few and created a taste for our line of goods, are bearing fruit, and buyers from England have been here in good numbers during the summer looking for what will suit their customers. Already it is announced that there will be several present at the Horse Show next week. One of the dealers, in answer to a question whether England would take more or less next season, says: "We are taking more and more every week, and just so long as our breeders keep getting nearer and nearer what we want we will buy more from them. There is no limit to the number of good horses of the right sort we will buy. All we want is the style, shape, quality and action, and we will pay for it."

One of the agricultural papers takes occasion to remark that "through raising common horses will no longer pay, farmers do not seem to get up their courage to make an effort in the way of breeding animals of a higher class." If the charge is well founded, then it is so much the worse for those against whom it is made, for as they sit idly by, their progressive neighbors will take possession of the market. There is no longer any sale, at remunerative prices, for common horses, and it is a great pity that there ever was a demand for that class. No one need delude himself into believing that because of the underproduction of the past three years there will be a market for anything of the horse kind, no matter how inferior its quality. With the horse fancier of the present day, the best is none too good, and the breeder who fails to grasp this fact will live to regret his lack of perception.



Certain in its effects and never failers. Head proofs below.

KENDALL'S SPAVIN CURE

DR. J. KENDALL CO.—Used have Kendall's Spavin Cure with great success. I have sold over \$100 for the same horse. I only had nine weeks, Cure. W. S. MARSDEN.

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Price \$1 per Bottle.

For a sample, address DR. B. J. KENDALL COMPANY, ENSBURG FALLS, Vt.

PAINFUL MISTAKES.

Sick People Sometimes Thought to be Drunkards.

Cases are, unfortunately, only too frequent where serious illness has been mistaken for intoxication, and where the sufferer has been taken to the station house instead of to the hospital—cases which cost more than once in loss of life. In fact, there are cases when all the skill of a trained physician is required to tell whether a man is not under the influence of liquor. In an article bearing the above heading, The Hospital discusses this subject as follows:

"Roughly, we may say that the commonly accepted sign by which the man in the street recognizes the effects of alcohol are unsteady gait, incoherent speech, extravagant behavior and drowsy helplessness. Doubtless any one of these coming on suddenly in one who, up to the moment, had not seen other men, would excite suspicion of disease. But the spectators do not see the beginning of the case. Till a man is helpless or obstreperous but little notice is taken of his vagaries, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the decision must be arrived at from the actual condition visible to the eye, and a diagnosis is not always easy on such imperfect evidence.

"The first and most obvious signs of drunkenness are those dependent on unsteadiness of gait. From the street's point of view, these are always productive of hilarity, and even the better instructed are apt to look on inability to walk straight as conclusive; and yet how many maladies produce the same condition. Many a man in the early stages of locomotor atrophy has lost his character from his tendency to stagger in the dark. Then those conditions which go by the name of Meniere's disease may closely imitate the effects of drink.

"The sufferer, when the paroxysm comes on the sensation of violent noises in the ear, accompanied by a feeling of being whirled through space, or as if the road, the houses and everything in sight were flying in large circles round about him, and no wonder that he seizes the nearest lamp post or sinks down sick and helpless on the pavement, clutching for security anything within his reach. To the bystander, however, he is a picture of the most abject drunkenness."

The writer here reminds us that not only organic disease, but simple indigestion or headache may produce effects that simulate drunkenness. He goes on:

"People sometimes also unknowingly take drugs which have the same effect. In both these cases speech may be affected, and explanation may be difficult. Disorder of speech, however, is usually connected with more serious disease, and a man with a small hemorrhage on his brain may stagger in speech as well as with his legs, and may be 'run in' as drunk when his very life depends on proper treatment. The same may happen after injury of the skull. A man full of drink, may in a street row receive a blow which causes fracture of the skull, but he may not drop. He may walk away far from any evidence of riot, and then sit down, and, becoming comatose, may be taken to the station as being dead drunk. And here, if there be no obvious wound, everything is against him. The smell of his breath condemns him to the police cell instead of the hospital ward, and only at the post-mortem is it found that his skull is broken and that the pressure on his brain might have been relieved. Such cases as this occur almost every month. But, in fact, in the diagnosis of drunkenness the possibilities of error are endless. Poison, uremia, post-epileptic states, the excited stages of general paralysis, sudden outbreaks of mania, the occurrence of diabetic coma, the onset of acute febrile disease, and even mere exhaustion and fatigue may all produce symptoms simulating the effects of drink. We can not, then, too strongly emphasize the necessity of medical examination whenever there can be the slightest doubt whether a man is drunk or sober, nor can we too strongly urge any medical man who is called to such a case to be wary in his dealings with it, to distrust first impressions, to enter into all the symptoms, however plain the case may seem, and to remember the endless pitfalls in the way of hasty diagnosis.—Literary Digest.

Billiards the Sport of Queens.

There are many houses, both in this country and abroad, where the ladies have asserted their rights to billiards, and a billiard-room to themselves. In France, where billiards is universally played, the game has become extremely popular among women. The ladies of the English royal family have contributed much to popularizing the game throughout related courts in Germany. Among the crowned heads who play billiards may be mentioned the dowager czarina, who is very skillful at the game. Queen Margherita is very fond of retiring with her court ladies to her billiard-room, believing the exercise of the game has a beneficial effect in retarding her tendency to stoutness. Princess Leopold of Bavaria, the daughter of the Austrian imperial pair, is reported to be a very graceful player, and in her Munich palace she and her children have many interesting tourneys in the afternoon hours. The Queen regent of Spain was, in her girlish days, a fine handler of the cue.—Chicago Chronicle.

Not Nice of Herbert.

Wife—Herbert, I am told you painted things red while I was away?

Herbert—Er—um—that is—

Now, Herbert, you knew red wasn't your color.—Detroit Tribune.

Pepin—"I don't believe that messenger boys, as a rule, are slow; do you?" Pepin—"No, indeed. Why, I once saw a messenger boy in particular who can read the whole of a dime novel while he's walking two blocks!"—Roxbury Gazette.

No noiseless is the growth of corn. Watch it night and day for a week, and you will never see it growing; but return after two months, and you will find it all whitening for the harvest. Such, and so imperceptible in the stages of their motion, are the victories of the press.—De Quincey.

Several ancient authors narrate the superstition common in both Greece and Rome that the basilisk can throw its poison to a considerable distance, and thus slay its victim.

Quinn's Ointment
is inimitable. It positively and promptly cures Cuts, Splints, Sprains, Windpuffs and Bunches—and saves horses. Write for price of all drugs, or send by mail. W. B. EDDY & CO., Whitehall, N. Y.

SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER

It will keep your children strong and healthy. It makes young children eat early. Worth its weight in gold for mounting horses, and prevents all diseases in horses. It costs only a tenth of a cent a day. No other kind like it.

NOTHING IN EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER

Therefore no matter what kind of food you give your hens this fall and winter will be lost when the price for eggs goes up. The hens will lay more eggs than ever before. It is made especially to produce health and form eggs. It is made in Black Rock Mills, Five St., Large Two-Bell can \$1.00, Six St., \$1.25, Eight St., \$1.50. HENRY FORTY PAPER, P. O. Box 128, JOHN & CO., Publishers, Boston, Mass.

W. S. MARSDEN.

Price \$1 per Bottle.

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Price

LOSS OF VOICE
After Acute Bronchitis
CURED BY USING
AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

A PREACHER'S EXPERIENCE.

Three months ago, I took a violent cold which resulted in an attack of acute bronchitis. I put myself under medical treatment, and at the end of two months was no better. I found it very difficult to preach, and concluded to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.



"The first bottle gave me great relief; the second, which I am now taking, has relieved me almost entirely of all unpleasant symptoms, and I feel sure that one or two bottles more will effect a permanent cure. All my ministerial efforts from that point have been held up and reviewed."

—F. M. BRAWLEY, D. D., First Secretary, Am. Bapt. Publication Society, Petersburg, Va.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

GOLD MEDAL AT THE WORLD'S FAIR.

AYER'S LEADS ALL OTHER SALSAPARILLAS.

FOR BOSTON!

3 Trips per Week
Fall Arrangement.
COMMENCING
Tuesday, Oct. 1.

Steamer DELLA COLLINS will leave Augusta at 1 P.M., and Hallowell 1:30, connecting with the new and elegant Steamer

KENNEBEC

Which leaves Gardiner at 3, Richmond 4 and Bath at 6 P.M., Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

The steamer will leave Boston, Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings at 6 o'clock.

We are now selling round trip tickets, good for remainder of season, reduced rates.

For information apply to A. L. PARTRIDGE, Agent, Augusta.

ALLEN PARTRIDGE, Agent, Augusta.

Horse Owners! Try

GOMBAULT'S Caustic Balsam

A safe Safely Speedy and Fast Cure

The Safest Host BLISTER ever used. Takes the heat out of the skin and removes the scab. Removes all Blisters or Blisters from Horse and other animals. Impossible to produce so fast.

Every bottle is sold to warrant to give satisfaction. Price \$1.00 per bottle. Send for sample or express charges paid, with full directions for use.

THE LAWRENCE-WILLIAMS CO., Cleveland, O.

Messenger's Notice.

Office of Deputy Sheriff of Kennebec County.

STATE OF MAINE: KENNEBEC: ss. This is to give notice, that on the fifth day of November, 1895, a bill of sale was issued out of the Court of Insolvency for said county of Kennebec, against the estate of CHARLES E. CHASE, to be an investment in the sum of said amount which petition was filed on the fifth day of November, A. D. 1895, on which date notice was given to the parties concerned, to appear and answer to the payment of any debts to or by said debtor, and the transfer and delivery of any property by him to another, and to make payment of the creditors of said debtor, to prove their debts and choose one or more assignees of his estate to be appointed by the court to be held at the Probate Court Room in Augusta in said county of Kennebec, on Monday, the 12th of December, at 2 o'clock in the afternoon.

Given under my hand the date first above written,

Deputy Sheriff, as Messenger of the Court of Insolvency for said county of Kennebec.

212

WANTED

SEND NAME AND ADDRESS FOR

CATALOGUE

We give the following Premiums with Tea absolutely FREE

Watches, Solid Gold Rings, Banquet Lamps, Auto. Lamp, Jewelry, Buttons, Cuff Links, Rugs, Lace Curtains, Imitation Cut Glass Ware, Art Glass, China, Dinner and Toilet Sets.

LIBERAL TEA CO., 103 Broad St., Boston, Mass.

WANTED

self sustaining, handy farm of from 100 to 250 acres, well situated, with orchard and fruit, fairly proportioned as to field, pasture and woodland, to be fertile, well sheltered, fenced, watered, fairly convenient to railway or steamboat route, and in a good community. It must be a home, and owner of full particulars and lowest cash price. \$100 L. H. Maine Farmer, Augusta, Me.

In Insolvency—Notice of Second Meeting.

STATE OF MAINE—KENNEBEC: ss. Court of Insolvency, Nov. 12, 1895, came of Peter Bush, Frank M. Gilley, Sammie Carter and Fred W. Mathews of Augusta, E. C. and George W. Mathews of Hallowell, and John W. Walker of Boston, insolvent debtors.

This is to give notice that pursuant to an order of this court, a second meeting of the creditors of said insolvent debtors will be held at Probate Court Room in Augusta, in said county of Kennebec, on Tuesday, November 1895, at 6 o'clock in the afternoon for the purpose named in section 43, chapter 70 of the State Statutes.

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register.

212

Discharge of Insolvents.

A hearing will be had on the petitions of

Howard E. Perkins of Waterville, John F. Walker of Waterville, James H. Hallowell of Winslow, and Frank M. Gilley, Sammie Carter and Fred W. Mathews of Augusta, E. C. and George W. Mathews of Hallowell, insolvent debtors, for a full discharge from all their debts, provable under the insolvency laws, on the 12th day of December, 1895, at 9 o'clock in the morning, in the Probate Court Room in Augusta, on Monday, the twenty-fifth day of November, 1895.

Attest: HOWARD OWEN, Register.

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Register of the Court of Insolvency.

Augusta, Nov. 11, 1895.

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Items of General News.

Nearly a foot of snow fell at Winona, Minn., Thursday.

The governor of Massachusetts has designated Thursday, Nov. 28, as Thanksgiving Day.

S. M. Wolston of Dorchester broke the American road record, for bicycles, for half mile, Thursday, making it in 55 seconds.

Bernard Arena, aged 36 years, of South Boston, while painting the smoke stack at the city greenhouse, Friday, accidentally touched an electric light wire and was instantly killed.

News has reached the police head-quarters at Colorado Springs, Col., that the Santa Fe Wells Fargo express agent at that point had been held up and received \$30,000 in cash.

Friday evening, Hon. Allan G. Thurman, at Columbus, Ohio, fell from a sofa in his library, and suffered injury to his left hip, which was very painful at the time, but his physician found no bone broken. Fears were at first entertained of his recovery, but he has made rapid, and is now out of bed.

The most recent Fall River messenger train ran on Great Gull Island, Friday, and there stuck hard and fast. Tugs were secured and worked diligently until Tuesday morning, when she was floated at 5 o'clock, and taken into New London, Conn. She was not badly damaged.

Following the example of the *Chicago Tribune*, the *Times Herald* and *Inter-Ocean*, Monday, made the announcement on their editorial page that the price of the paper in that city will hereafter be reduced to one cent per copy. Conservative newspaper men ascribe the reduction to the competition of the *Record* and *Chronicle*, both one-cent papers.

Lieut. Col. J. H. Gilman, of the submarine department at Washington, was promoted Monday, to captain of his ship of the navy, having reached the age of 60. He was born in Maine, from which state he entered the military academy in 1852. He rendered valuable service during the war, and was twice breveted for meritorious services in the battles of Shiloh, Stone River, Tenn.

A family of six persons were burned to death in a tenement house fire at 311 Van Brunt street, Brooklyn, N. Y., shortly after 1 o'clock Thursday morning. The dead are Charles Ryan and his wife and their four daughters, Joanna, aged 20, Sarah, aged 17, Maggie, aged 14, and Lizzie, aged 12. The cause of the fire is not known, but indications are that it may have been started by the explosion of a kerosene lamp.

H. C. Winslow, one of Peppercorn's (Mass.) prominent men, died very suddenly, Tuesday morning, of heart failure, at the age of 67. He moved to Pepperell from Gardiner, Maine, some 30 years ago. He was superintendent of the Nashua River Paper Co. for 25 years, was one of the stockholders of the Pepperell card shop, and President of the company. He leaves a widow and a daughter.

The annual report of Receiver E. of the order of the Iron Hall was made public at Indianapolis, Monday. He says his charge is considerable since October 7, 1894, with \$1,200,465, and has paid out \$58,894. The cash balance is \$178,219; unpaid account, claim \$10,000. About \$70,000 in the suspense Iron Hall bank at Philadelphia is not converted into assets, the receiver expects, and he expects to realize little from it. The expenses account includes \$15,000 for the receiver and \$30,000 for his attorneys.

William Brown, a fireman on the vally division, Wednesday afternoon saw Florence Kelley, the ten-year-old child of Martin Kelley, on the bridge at the foot of Miller street, Middleton, Conn. He sprang from the engine and seizing the child, rolled down the embankment. Brown's escape was as marvelous as his heroism. He was brought to the hospital, where he was treated by several ribs were broken, and his right leg badly lacerated. Billings died Friday afternoon.

Stanion G. Reed, a well known horseman, died in San Francisco, Cal., Thursday. He was born in East Abington, Mass., in 1830. In 1852 he came to the Pacific coast and settled in Oregon. In 1858 he became a member of the Oregon Steam Navigation Co. and a year later was made its first vice president. He organized the Oregon Iron and Steel Co., and held the presidency of the Contra Costa Mining Mill Co. In 1865 he was a prominent figure and was perhaps as widely known for business enterprises as any man in the west. He leaves a large fortune.

Jennie Metcalfe, 15 years old, was on Monday morning committed to imprisonment at the Massachusetts reformatory for women at Sherburne, as a United States prisoner from Oklahoma. She is noted out West as a bold and daring desperado, and a member of the famous Dalton gang of outlaws, for which she is also known, the term being lower. Well, hogs, cattle and sheep are pretty low down in the scale of prices, and live stock dealers begin to think it about time to stop taking stock to market. It has at different times before been ery, but still the stock comes, and will continue to come. Dealers have to buy according to what the going price is, and the poor farmers will not make a pocket full of money this season.

LATE SALES AT BRIGHTON LAST WEDNESDAY.

Market well supplied with milk cows, and the better class of cows sell readily at fair prices. Sale fair market and calves selling at \$1.00 per head, common cows at low rates. Libby Bros. sold 100 at \$40 per head; 100 calves at \$1.00 per head.

A little late in the season for a thriving market, and there are altogether too many common horses on the market, not being worth anything for business or work, that is, being well broken and handy, that sell at \$35@\$45, or as low as bought in the West. Good grades at fair prices. For work or drive at \$12@\$20.

Apples are reported to be in better demand: No. 1 Baldwins \$1.25@\$1.50; No. 1 Greenings \$1.25@\$1.50; Ben Davis, \$2@\$2.25; Rome beauties, \$2@\$2.50; Gravensteins, \$2@\$2.50; Pound Sweet, \$2@\$2.50; Tolman Sweet, \$2.50@\$2.75; No. 2 apples, \$1.75@\$2 for all varieties. These quotations are for car lots.

Potatoes are steady and unchanged: Sweet potatoes are a little easier; Hebrews, \$3@\$3.25 per bushel; Rose, \$3@\$3.50; White, \$3@\$3.50. Sweet potatoes are quoted: Virginia, \$3@\$3.75 Jersey doublets, \$2@\$2.50.

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Supply of live hog growth less, and a shade better, \$8@10 cents, including some young turkeys.

SALES OF MAINE STOCK.

The train from the East being late we were not able to secure sales from this source.

F. L. Cotton shipped his stock from this side of Portsmouth, and owners arrived at the market in the forenoon; sold 12 calves, at 125 lbs., \$1.25 per bushel; 100 hens, \$1.25@\$1.50; C. E. C. Foster sold two-year-olds at \$30; yearlings at \$12@\$15 a head; 2 bulls, of 1400 lbs., at 25@30, 1 stag, of 1600 lbs., at 25@30, 14 calves, of 120 lbs., at 25@30.

An accident which proved fatal, occurred at Lakeview, Lowell, Mass., at 5 o'clock Friday morning. Walter Billings, aged 48, employed as keeper of the hotel and grounds, went into the pit to feed the bear, and just as he turned to the gateway the bear sprang upon him and in an instant had him in so close an embrace that he was utterly powerless. His screams brought assistance, and after a hard fight the bear was rescued. His wife was present when he was brought to the hospital, and he died Saturday morning.

Stanion G. Reed, a well known horseman, died in San Francisco, Cal., Thursday. He was born in East Abington, Mass., in 1830. In 1852 he came to the Pacific coast and settled in Oregon. In 1858 he became a member of the Oregon Steam Navigation Co. and a year later was made its first vice president. He organized the Oregon Iron and Steel Co., and held the presidency of the Contra Costa Mining Mill Co. In 1865 he was a prominent figure and was perhaps as widely known for business enterprises as any man in the west. He leaves a large fortune.

Jennie Metcalfe, 15 years old, was on Monday morning committed to imprisonment at the Massachusetts reformatory for women at Sherburne, as a United States prisoner from Oklahoma. She is noted out West as a bold and daring desperado, and a member of the famous Dalton gang of outlaws, for which she is also known, the term being lower. Well, hogs, cattle and sheep are pretty low down in the scale of prices, and live stock dealers begin to think it about time to stop taking stock to market. It has at different times before been ery, but still the stock comes, and will continue to come. Dealers have to buy according to what the going price is, and the poor farmers will not make a pocket full of money this season.

LATE SALES AT BRIGHTON LAST WEDNESDAY.

Market well supplied with milk cows, and the better class of cows sell readily at fair prices. Sale fair market and calves selling at \$1.00 per head, common cows at low rates. Libby Bros. sold 100 at \$40 per head; 100 calves at \$1.00 per head.

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